

A FATHER'S AWFUL DEED.

SHOT HIS DAUGHTER DEAD ON HER WEDDING NIGHT.

A Glimpse of Life in Uncle Sam's Indian Territory—"Forgive Him, Jack; It Was the Whiskey That Did It."

In the western part of the Cherokee country, in the Indian Territory, lies a slight elevation cut up by numerous hills and valleys and covered with a rank growth of scrub oaks and tall prairie grass wherever the rocks are covered with sufficient soil to maintain vegetation. These hills are known as the Flint Hills, on account of the flint stone which may be seen cropping out on every hillside and in every valley. A scanty civilization has sprung up in this region within the last year or so, and a few scattered fields may be observed where the wandering settler has built his dugout, scratched up the earth enough to plant his corn or potatoes, and then lies around idle until harvest time. Some of the better class live in log cabins, with their walls covered with coon skins, and a long bench on each side of the cabin, where the settler sits in the shade, leisurely smoking, while his favorite coon dog sleeps at his feet. The people are rude, simple individuals, averse to strangers, and are satisfied to live secluded from the rest of the world. The occasional crack of the stage driver's whip is the only disturbing feature of their lives.

A wedding was to take place the other evening, and little groups of Flint Hill folks, young and old, thronged the interior of the rude log house where the event was to occur.

Jack Davis, a Texas cowboy, was to wed Sabina Proctor. Sabina was the half-breed daughter of old Bill Proctor, a white man, who had married a Cherokee woman some twenty years ago. Sabina was acknowledged to be the belle of the whole country, and her marriage was looked upon as a great event. She had received some education at a female seminary at Talequah, I.T., and it was there she had first met Jack. Her pretty brown eyes, and simple, tender ways had captivated him, and that night was to end their courtship, although her father

OPPOSED THEIR MARRIAGE.

A wandering missionary who chanced to be passing through that neighborhood had been engaged to perform the marriage ceremony, and Jack had had Sabina's wedding dress made in Talequah, and it certainly eclipsed anything that had ever been seen in that neighborhood. It was white, and as her soft, dark hair fell over her shoulders in silken masses, she made a beautiful appearance.

The ceremony over, the young missionary was turning to take his leave, when old Proctor stepped forward, with a strange gleam in his eyes, and announced that a dance would follow the wedding.

Almost instantly the fiddlers began, the room was cleared, and soon the cabin began to shake with shuffling feet. Proctor did most of the calling for the dance. Occasionally he would disappear and return, each time his face growing redder and showing more and more the effects of liquor.

Sabina became uneasy. Once she left Jack's side and begged of her father to drink no more; but he shook her from him roughly. He was soon unmanageable and boisterous, and began to pass the bottle openly from guest to guest and insisted on them drinking with him.

"Why don't you dance, young man?" said he, coming up and grasping Jack by the arm. "If you think you are too good to dance in my house, then here's somebody that will dance with my girl," he said, pointing to one of his companions, already under the influence of the liquor.

"You white men come in here and think you can run the country, but you can't in my house; so you had better get out. Sabina is lots too good for you, anyhow." Sabina had her face buried in her hands. She knew her father's terrible temper and quarrelsome disposition when under the influence of liquor.

"Come with me, Jack, and don't mind father; it's the whiskey," she whispered, and a moment later, unnoticed by the drunken man, she led the way into a small room attached to the cabin which Sabina called her own, and in which most of her girlhood had been spent. A dim candle revealed a rude pine table in the centre of the room, beside which were two home-made chairs. On the table were a few

BOOKS AND TRINKETS

which Jack had from time to time given her, and innumerable cheap and unframed pictures—some representing her own poor effort at art—decorated the walls of the apartment. A single window opened out to the west.

In that direction dark clouds were moving swiftly across the face of the pale moon, and Jack seemed to see something ominous and dreadful in their inky blackness. He could hear the muffled sound of music and shuffling feet in the adjoining room, which was occasionally pierced by the sharp calls of the prompter.

Suddenly the two were aroused by a brutal oath from Proctor, who the next instant pushed the door open and staggered into the room. In his hand he held a murderous looking six-shooter. For a moment the drunken man stood glaring at Jack, who had risen to his feet. Then with an unsteady hand, Proctor presented the weapon squarely at Jack's breast.

Sabina saw what her father's intentions were and screamed.

Jack saw for an instant the glittering muzzle of this pistol pointed directly at his heart; he felt his arm clutched and a white-robed figure darted past him. There was a deafening report, and Jack almost at the same instant sprang forward and snatched the smoking pistol from Proctor's hands.

Then he turned, and as the smoke drifted away, he saw Sabina standing with horror-stricken eyes and both hands clasped to her breast. With outstretched arms she tottered toward Jack, and as he caught her in his arms a low, appealing moan escaped

her lips. Jack held the wounded girl in his arms for a moment, and then laid her on the bed in the corner of the room; and as he did so a tear trickled down his sun-burnt cheek, the first he had shed for many a year.

"Poor father," whispered the dying girl. "Forgive him, Jack; it was the whiskey that did it."

Her grasp suddenly tightened on Jack's hand; she raised her brown eyes to his for a moment, and then closed them slowly—forever.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Lenity will operate with greater force in some instances than rigor. It is, therefore, my great wish to have my whole conduct distinguished by it.—Washington.

There never was any party, faction, sect or cabal whatsoever, in which the most ignorant were not the most violent; for a bee is not a busier animal than a blockhead.—Pope.

It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength, than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies, full of danger and followed by reactions.—Emerson.

In human life there is constant change of fortune; and it is unreasonable to expect an exemption from the common fate. Life itself decays, and all things are daily changing.—Plutarch.

Employment gives health, sobriety and morals. Constant employment and well-paid labor produce, in a country like ours, general prosperity, content and cheerfulness.—Daniel Webster.

In all evils which admit a remedy, impatience should be avoided, because it wastes that time and attention in complaints which, if properly applied, might remove the cause.—Johnson.

Pedantry, in the common conception of the word, means an absurd ostentation of learning and stiffness of phrasing, proceeding from a misguided knowledge of books and a total ignorance of men.—Mackenzie.

If we can advance propositions both true and new, these are our own by right of discovery; and if we can repeat what is old more briefly and brightly than others, this also becomes our own by right of conquest.—Colton.

Pleasure and pain spring not so much from the nature of things as from our manner of considering them. Pleasure, especially is never an invariable effect of particular circumstances. Largely that is pleasure which is thought to be so.—Bovee.

How noiseless is the growth of corn! Watch it night and day for a week, and you will never see it growing; but return after two months, and you will find it all whitening for the harvest. Such, and so imperceptible in the stages of their motion, are the victories of the press.—De Quincey.

TO AID ENGLAND IN INDIA.

Northwestern Railway Is a Great Military and Commercial Enterprise.

The Northwestern railway of India may be said with justice to be the largest and most important work of its class in the world at present. Starting from the coast at Kurrachee, the line follows the course of the Indus on its northern bank as far as Shikarpoor, a distance of about 350 miles. Thirty years ago this was practically the line of the northern frontier of the Indian empire of Britain.

The old frontier was protected as far as Shikarpoor by a lofty mountain range which was practically impassable, and shut out Beloochistan from the valley of the Indus. This range, however, at that point trends away to the north, where it joins another range, known as the Suliman Mountains. At this point, which is fully a hundred miles from Shikarpoor, the range is pierced by the great Bolan Pass, which affords an available entrance to India from Afghanistan. By annexing Beloochistan and the disputed district of Southern Afghanistan, Britain took possession of this entrance to her Indian empire.

The next point was to render the possession effective, and this has been accomplished by running a line almost due north as far as Sibi, the capital of Northern Beloochistan, a distance of about eighty miles. Beyond this the country rises to the mountainous range which formerly divided Afghanistan from Northern Beloochistan, which is pierced by the Bolan Pass, and gives access to Pishin Valley on the Afghan side of the Kojak range. The country here is so difficult for railway construction, and so much exposed to floods, landslips, and even snow blocks that for the purpose of effective military defense it was considered necessary to provide two routes by which the extreme frontier could be reached. There are thus two lines from Sibi to Quetta, the great frontier post of the Indian Empire, and it is not easy to say which is the more remarkable engineering work. One proceeds by way of the Bolan Pass, and the other and more northern by what is known as the Mud Gorge. The cost per mile of both these lines has been enormous—not less than \$200,000 a mile.

Some idea of the military importance to India of this gigantic military roadway may be formed when it is considered that it would now be an easy matter to land forces from England at Quetta or Chaman for defense or offense on the Afghan frontier within twenty days.

How Icelanders Take Snuff.

A peculiarity concerning the use of snuff in Iceland may be of interest. The snuff is made into bars after the manner of pipe tobacco, and is sold in that shape to the natives, nearly all of whom are addicted to its use, and prefer it thus prepared. The Icelanders allow the nail on the right hand thumb to grow long for the purpose, and when using the snuff scratches it off the bar with this nail on the back of the left hand and applies it to the nose.

The Child's Paradise.

Little Dorothy—Grandma's is the nicest place! You don't have to mind a thing that is said to you.

ABOUT THE HOUSE.

Toweling.

Closely allied to the table linen and the bed linen is the department of toweling, for which still other grades of linen are required. This is a large department, and no more than a few suggestions would be in place at the end of an article which has already practically reached its limit. But there is one rule regarding toweling which should never be over-looked—let there be a good supply. Towels are closely related to health, purity and cleanliness. There is something defective in the management of the household which finds itself obliged to get along upon a scant supply. Then they should be of good size, if for no other reason, because they are so much more satisfactory in use when of ample dimensions.

For everyday service and especially by children, servants and laborers, the very best form of towels is that familiar and much-abused variety, the roller, with its endless web of crabs. For such use this has manifold advantages, not the least of which is that it is always in place, waiting for the next patron. Cotton towels are an abomination, and should never be countenanced; though it is not demeaning any housekeeper that she shall make it a point to buy her toweling at such times and in such manner as shall give her the best value for the money invested. "Special sale" towels, if not defective in quality, may be commended to the prudent.

Never put a towel into use—and especially not in the guest room—with the store starch still rendering its surface about as pleasant as a sheet of steel. At least give it a good thorough rinsing to remove the starch, allow it to dry, then iron lightly on both sides, and it will be found to present a very satisfactory surface; though nothing can take the place, for luxurious use, of a soft, well-worn piece of linen, from which every trace of harshness has been long since removed.

It Is Well to Remember

That clothes carefully folded and sprinkled are half ironed.

That a clean apron worn while hanging the clothes helps keep them clean.

That the line, as soon as its duty is ended, should be reeled up and placed in a bag until next time.

That pillowslips should be ironed lengthwise instead of crosswise if one wishes to iron wrinkles out instead of in.

If your coal fire is low, throw on a tablespoonful of salt and it will help it very much.

That clothes when brought in should be separated and folded at once; if allowed to lie together, many wrinkles accumulate.

That dish towels and common towels can be ironed just as well in half the time, if folded together once as if ironed singly.

That a pair of white gloves or mittens are a comfort to hands taken from hot suds to hang clothes in zero weather; also a close-fitting jacket and hood to keep one from catching cold.

That sheets folded across, bringing the wide and narrow hems together then folded again, then ironed across both sides, are finished quickly and look as well as if more time were spent on them.

To drive the little worms out of your pots of flowers, securely cork up all the drainage holes and then flood the pots for several hours with clean lime water. To destroy the fly, syringe the plants with tobacco water.

Rose Terry Cooke hit the truth when she said, "It takes as much sense and refinement and talent to cook a dinner, wash dishes, make a bed and sweep a room, as it should be done, as goes to writing a novel or shining in high society."

Old sheets and pillow cases when worn thin should be rolled into convenient bundles and placed in a kitchen drawer ready for lamp rags, for cleaning cloths, or to wash windows with. Old gauze underwear should be saved to put over a broom in sweeping the walls.

An excellent furniture polish, especially where the varnish has become old and tarnished, is made as follows: Dissolve four ounces of the best shellac in two pints of 95 per cent. alcohol; add to this two pints of linseed oil and one pint of spirits of turpentine, then add four ounces of sulphuric ether and four ounces of ammonia water and mix well. Shake well and apply lightly with a sponge, afterward rubbing thoroughly with an old woolen cloth or a piece of chamois skin.

Useful Recipes.

Fish Balls.—With a sharp knife, cut cod-fish into inch-thick slices, and boil with it twice the quantity of potatoes. Take the potatoes from the water the moment they are done, or they will absorb fat in frying. Drain the fish and with a potato masher incorporate the two well together. To every quart add two beaten eggs. Drop into lard heated so hot that a slice of raw potato dropped in will rise immediately to the surface. (I would suggest cottolene or suet in place of lard.)

Doughnuts.—Add to a pint of thin acid cream two teaspoonfuls of light brown sugar, five well beaten eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, and half a teaspoonful extract of lemon. Mix these ingredients well. Sift a panful of flour, then into two quart put two teaspoonfuls of baking powder, and sift four times. Dissolve a level tablespoonful of soda in hot water and stir it as quickly as possible into the cream, eggs, etc., then beat in the flour till smooth. Knead as little as possible. If a bit of the dough dropped into the fat will rise to the surface while you count ten, it is the right temperature. Use a flat egg beater to turn and lift them and drain on brown paper.

Tea.—It is an erroneous statement that long steeping extracts tannin from tea. Tannin is one of the most soluble of substances; every atom of tannin is thoroughly dissolved within ten seconds after boiling water reaches it; but tannin acts on tin and produces tannic acid, which is deleterious. With a granite or earthen teapot the danger is not with tannin but in the alkaloids

which are extracted by long steeping. Use a heaping teaspoonful of English breakfast tea to each teaspoonful of water. Pour the water boiling hot over the tea after having scalded the teapot, and let it simmer ten minutes.

Coffee.—Use one-third Mocha and two-thirds old government Java, freshly ground. Select a large egg and break it shell and all into a teaspoonful ground coffee and stir. Pour over this a quart of freshly boiling water, let it boil up as quickly as possible three times, giving the pot a vigorous shake between each boiling, then set it to one side and let it steep ten, twenty minutes, or even half an hour. In the absence of cream use boiling milk.

Chocolate.—Scrape two ounces of unsweetened chocolate, add a heaping teaspoonful cornstarch, and a quarter of a teaspoonful of sugar. Stir this over hot water till well mixed, then add slowly a pint of boiling water, stirring often. Now add a pint of hot milk and set where it will keep hot till ready to serve, then pour it boiling hot over an egg beaten to a cream.

A SKEPTIC CONVINCED.

He Had No Faith in Any Advertised Medicine.

Attacked With a Bad Cold, His Trouble Went From Bad to Worse Until He Was Threatened With Locomotor Ataxia—Then Dr. Williams' Pink Pills Cured After Other Medicines Had Failed.

From the Yarmouth, N.S., Times.

The remarkable cures effected by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have long been a matter of newspaper notoriety, and many of them—well described as miracles—have been in our own province, but we believe so far none have been published from Yarmouth. A Times representative enquired in a quarter where such matters would likely be known, and learned that there were several remarkable cases of restoration to health directly traceable to Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, right in our midst. Curious to ascertain the facts in relation thereto, our representative called on Mr. Charles E. Trask, who had been known to have experienced a long illness, and now was apparently in excellent health, his cure being attributed to Pink Pills. Mr. Trask, who has been an accountant in Yarmouth for many years, was in his office on Jol street when the reporter waited on him.



FOUND MR. TRASK IN HIS OFFICE.

"Yes," he said, "there can be no possible doubt of the efficacy of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills in my case, and I will be pleased if the publication of the facts helps some other sufferer back to health. I caught cold, was careless and caught more cold. The first thing I knew I was seriously ill. I could not walk. All strength seemed to have left my legs and the weakness increased. From being obliged to remain in the house I became obliged to remain in bed, but still supposed it was but a very bad cold. I became so helpless I could not move in bed without help. I had good attendance and the best of care and nursing, but as week succeeded week I seemed to grow worse instead of better, till I was worn to a mere shadow and began to care very little if I ever recovered. A hint that I was threatened with something called locomotor ataxia reminded a friend that my case seemed similar to some of those described in the Times, which had been cured by Dr. Williams' Pink Pills, and this first drew attention to them as a possible aid to me. I admit that I was skeptical—very skeptical—there are so many medicines being advertised just now, and I was never much of a believer in them. Well, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills were purchased and I took them, as I suppose I would have taken anything else, simply as the routine of a sick room. The first box seemed to show little effect, and by the time I had got through with the third box there could be no doubt my condition showed a marked improvement, and I was correspondingly encouraged. The Pills were continued and I became rapidly better, so that I was able to sit up and go about the house, and occasionally go out if the weather was fine. Day by day I grew stronger, and to make a long story short, I feel I am to-day in as good health as ever I was in my life, and I can hardly realize I am the same man who suffered for six months, a helpless, dependent being who never expected to be on his feet again. While I have no desire for publicity I am quite willing these facts should be made known for the benefit of others, and am ready at any time to bear hearty testimony to the genuine worth of Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. They restored me to health when I never expected to be about again."

Mr. Trask certainly looks the picture of health, and remembering the long period when he had been laid up, our representative left, fully convinced that Dr. Williams' Pink Pills have well deserved all that was said of them elsewhere. When such cases can be pointed to in our own midst there can no longer be any doubt of the reliability of the many statements of wonderful cures effected throughout the country.

Grave Dilemma.

Old Lady (during the hard times)—We'll have to trust to Providence for something to eat, but I don't know what in the world we are going to do for something to wear.

Caught.

Dora—Mr. Spooner says he always feels like a fish out of water when he is with me.

Corra—Then you've hooked him, have you?

The Only

Great and thoroughly reliable building-up medicine nerve tonic, vitalizer and

Bood Purifier

Before the people today, and which stands preeminently above all other medicines, is

HOOD'S Sarsaparilla

It has won its hold upon the hearts of the people by its own absolute intrinsic merit. It is not what we say, but what Hood's Sarsaparilla does, that tells the story.—

Hood's Cures

Even when all other preparations and prescriptions fail.

"The face of my little girl from the time she was three months old, broke out and was covered with scabs. We gave her two bottles of Hood's Sarsaparilla and it completely cured her. We are glad to recommend Hood's Sarsaparilla." THOS. M. CARLING, Clinton, Ontario. Be sure &

Get Hood's

For twenty-five years

DUNN'S BAKING POWDER

THE COOK'S BEST FRIEND

LARGEST SALE IN CANADA.

HE WAS UP ON MICROBES.

This Up-to-Date Beggar Had a Real Live One in His Bag, with Wings on It.

This science of bacteriology seems to have spread among the lower classes in England. William King, a disreputably dressed man, was seen the other day by a constable parading up and down one of the suburbs of London carrying a large bag, into which he was throwing bits of rag and bone. "It's a werry, werry 'ard world for a poor man to get a livin' in now," he said pathetically to the constable, and upon that officer remarking to him that a further explanation might be desirable the man in tatters said: "It's owing to them mickelrobes; they're powerful strong round hereabouts in the rags and bones."

"Owing to the what?" asked the constable.

"The mickelrobes," returned the man in tatters; "them things as the doctors speaks of, werry small to begin with, but gettin' powerful large as they grow up."

"Ah, you mean microbes," said the constable.

"Werry likely," answered the man. "I've bin studyin' them lately. Curious things they are, aren't they?"

It seemed to the constable that it would be a good plan to investigate William, and so he casually inquired what there was in the bag. The rag and bone gatherer answered that there was nothing except a few rags and bones. "Have you got any microbes?" went on the constable. "No," said the man, "I hain't got none as I knows of."

Whereupon the officer opened the sack and took out of it a large turkey. William King pretended to be amazed. "I told you," he cried, "them mickelrobes grew powerful strong in this neighborhood, but I never saw one as grew so big as that. It'll bite you."

Wish that he started on a dead run, leaving the turkey in the hands of the constable, who at once gave chase. The rag-pickler seemed quite a feeble old man, but he put up a good fight when he was caught, and it was all the constable could do to hold on to him until assistance came.

New Zealand's Plan.

Sydney, New South Wales, has hit upon a practical method of dealing with its unemployed. It furnishes a railway pass and a miner's right of credit to each suitable applicant to enable him to proceed to one of the gold fields of the colony, where he may have a chance of earning a living by "fossicking" for the precious metal. The number of passes issued in 1894 was 9572, and since the inauguration of the scheme the quantity of gold obtained in the colony has risen from 179,288 ounces, in 1893, to 324,787 ounces in 1894.

Mean.

What a paltry thing love is, said the wife of the Stingy Man, who had refused her first request of the season for a seal-skin coat.

If I took your view of it I should call it a paltry thing, said the Stingy Man, adding to his cruelty by having the last word.

No Hope of Relief.

How much will you take for that infernal accordion? demanded the red-faced citizen who had thrust his head out of the second-story window.

It wouldn't do you any good to buy it, mister, I've got six more of 'em at home. And he went on playing the Home-on-on March.